Starfall

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Starfall

by Bordementions

Summary

More Opera being an attention whore

Notes

Can you tell I really like opera

No notes besides i really want to fuck opera that's about it 18 inches if opera in my mouth type shit

Just really experimenting with different kinds of trainer responses to opera being a dumb clingy disgusting attention seeking faggot. I'm unsure what the best kind of response is but neglect or aversion is probably the best.

This kind is still too where the trainer tries to indulge him but they feel terrible about it and hate themself so it's mutually destructive but I'm still figuring it out

Someway somehow opera and the trainer have to have a terrible awful fucking relationship where it ends well for no one

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

The locker room should have been deafening, brazen beyond anything else

Beyond the thick, reinforced walls came the muffled, earth-shaking roar of tens of thousands of spectators. Every few seconds, another wave of applause rolled through the stadium like distant thunder, accompanied by the booming stadium announcer introducing the racers one by one.

The metal lockers rattled faintly with every eruption of the crowd. Outside, staff hurried through the hallways, shoes pounding frantically against polished floors, assistants calling out names, and trainers reviewing last-minute strategies.

It was the biggest race of the season. Every contender should have been warming up. Stretching. Focusing. Mentally preparing to step out onto the dirt.

Instead, inside the dim isolation of the locker room, there was a something else.

"...Oh, Trainer."

A warm, heavy face pressed firmly against your stomach.

"My dear Trainer."

You blinked, the breath catching in your throat. Hesitant to even turn your gaze down, afraid of what you would see. "Opera..."

His arms tightened around your waist, his grip possessively tight.

"Please," he gasped. The response was immediate, bordering on fright. "...If you move, then I shall lose this warmth. To let it go to waste… would be unthinkable."

His voice was quieter than usual. It wasn't entirely absent of confidence—never that—but it completely lacked the theatrical, booming projection he usually forced into every single sentence.

He was kneeling between your legs on the locker room floor, nearly folding himself into your lap despite the difference in size.

Even someone like him, who should have looked imposing from any angle. His body that loomed over most normal humans. Instead, right now, he looked like someone desperately trying to disappear.

His forehead rested heavily against your abdomen. One hand clutched tightly at the fabric of your jacket, while the other wrapped securely around your waist. You could feel him trembling—a deepset, heavy shudder that rippled through his shoulders. Every few breaths, he squeezed a little tighter, entirely unaware of the crushing force he was exerting.

From the outside, his uniform looked immaculate, every inch fit for a king. The pauldrons, plackart, and gauntlets had been polished until they gleamed beneath the lights. His skirt was perfectly aligned, and his vibrant pink cape spilled across the floor behind him like a pool of velvet. Golden rings decorated his fingers, and his crown sat squarely atop his head.

He was still, visually, the Centurial Overlord. Yet, sweat soaked through the hair around his ears. Tiny droplets slid down his temples, and his breathing came just a little too quickly, a jagged rhythm that belied his static posture.

"...They're waiting," you spoke carefully, your voice dropping to a low soothe. "We only have a few minutes before the final call-up."

"I know… yes."

"...Opera."

"I know."

Each answer came instantly, punctuated by him pressing his face just a little closer into your clothes, inhaling the scent of your detergent as if it were oxygen.

You sighed quietly, staring at the ceiling. This wasn't normal. At least, you didn't think it was.

When you had first signed on as Opera’s trainer months ago, fresh out of the academy and profoundly in over your head, you had assumed his dramatic proclamations were simply an eccentric persona. The boasting, the declarations, the constant insistence that destiny itself revolved around his radiance—you thought it was an act for the cameras.

Then you started seeing what happened before the gates opened. The shaking. The cold sweats. The obsessive pacing. The compulsive rehearsing of post-race victory speeches before he’d even stepped onto the track.

The endless, desperate questions disguised as arrogant statements—questions his fragile ego would never allow him to admit were actually pleas for reassurance.

“…Do you suppose..." His voice came muffled against your jacket. "...Today's audience will be satisfied?"

You paused, choosing your words with extreme care. "I think they'll love your performance, Opera. They always do."

He didn't answer right away. "...You'll still..." Another long, agonizing pause. "...Remain afterward?"

You looked down. His ears had angled down slightly against towards his head—a clear sign of deep agitation.

"You'll stay until I'm done?" he whispered.

There it was again. Not "Will I win?" Not "Am I the best?" Not even "Can I do this?"

Instead, it was always the same underlying terror: Will you still be here?

Yielding to the routine, you gently rested your hand atop his head. His left ear twitched immediately, brushing against your wrist. Almost instantly, the rigid tension in his shoulders loosened. Just a fraction.

"There isn't anywhere else I need to be," you murmured.

"...Hm."

"You know that." Your fingers carefully combed through his short orange hair, avoiding the golden ornaments clipped to his ears.

It had become a habit. A coping mechanism, really—and something you weren't entirely proud of. The first time had happened completely by accident. Opera had worked himself into a state of near-hyperventilation before an important qualifier months ago. Nothing you said had reached him through the wall of his panic. Out of sheer, awkward desperation, you had reached out and patted his head.

He had frozen. Gone completely still. Then, he had looked up at you as though you had personally hung the stars in the sky.

Ever since that day, whenever the pressure became too great, he sought it out. Head pats. Running your fingers through his hair. A

hand on his shoulder. Anything. Just enough physical contact to remind his fragile inner world that you were still there. That you weren't leaving him behind.

Opera leaned harder into your palm, a quiet, shuddering sigh escaping him.

"...Ah… There you are."

"Huh?"

"My sun."

You smiled awkwardly, a familiar pang of discomfort twisting your stomach. "I don't think I'm anyone's sun, Opera."

"You are mine," the words came out completely matter-of-fact"...Without your gaze... how could I possibly shine?"

You swallowed hard. "...Opera, you shouldn't—"

"The audience," he continued, cutting you off, his voice taking on a slow, almost hypnotic cadence. "They adore me. They celebrate me. They sing my name. They cheer. They applaud. They cry. They laugh. They love me."

His breathing hitched. His grip tightened to the point where your ribs ached beneath your jacket. His voice dropped to an inaudible, desperate whisper. "...They love me..."

Your hand stopped its stroking.

Opera let out a laugh. It was a brittle, hollow sound—entirely unlike the booming, boisterous chuckles he gave the press.

"Hah..." He tilted his head up slightly, his purple eyes wide and glassy. "Do you… love me…?"

"...Opera."

"What if..." His breathing began to accelerate again, his pupils contracting into tiny, panicked rings. "What if today's performance disappoints you? What if I stumble?"

"You've never stumbled."

"But what if I do?!" The facade was cracking rapidly now. His ears

flattened completely against his head. "...What if I am ordinary?"

The word seemed physically painful for him to utter. To someone with a mind built entirely on the necessity of grandiosity, admitting the possibility of being average was pure sacrilege. He buried his face harder against your stomach, hiding from the world.

"I cannot be ordinary. I refuse. I refuse. I refuse." His fingers bunched your clothes into tight wrinkles. "I must remain beautiful. I must remain magnificent. I must remain at the summit. I must… I..."

His breathing began catching in his throat, a dangerous prelude to hyperventilation. "No. No. I can't."

Seeing him spiral, you immediately reached down with both hands. "Opera. Look at me."

"What if they see?" he gasped, his voice fracturing. "They'll know. They'll realize. They'll leave. They'll all leave! They'll stop looking! They'll stop loving me! They'll—"

"Opera!"

You gently but firmly cupped both sides of his face, forcing his head up.

His eyes snapped upward to meet yours. Bright purple, glossy with unshed tears, and utterly terrified of the phantom rejection playing out in his mind.

"You aren't going to lose everyone because of one race," you said, your voice steady, anchoring him. "You've worked too hard."

"..."

"And no matter what happens out there..." You hesitated. The next words felt incredibly dangerous. They felt like crossing a boundary that trainer orientation had strictly warned you about—indulging a psychological dependency you didn't know how to fix. But his breathing was already evening out just from the contact of your hands on his skin.

So, you leaned into the lie that he wanted to hear.

"...I love you."

Everything in the room stopped. Opera stared at you, his pupils

widening until the purple of his eyes seemed to swallow the light.

"...You..." he whispered, the word barely a breath. "...Do?"

"I do."

"But... I haven't won yet."

"You don't have to win for me to love you, Opera."

He simply stared, searching your face with a desperate, analytical intensity, trying to determine the validity of such.

"...Opera?"

"...Truly?"

"Yes."

"You are not merely saying so because I appear distressed? Because the Overlord looks pathetic?"

"No," you lied softly, pressing your palms slightly against his cheeks to emphasize. "I promise."

His forehead slowly rested back against your stomach, and his entire massive body seemed to melt into the floor, the rigid tension draining out of him all at once.

"...Ah..."

A tiny, fragile sound escaped him. Contented. Deeply relieved.

One of his hands slid upward, his gold rings cold against your skin, until he found your wrist. Carefully, reverently, he guided your hand back onto the top of his head. He didn't say a word, but the request was entirely clear.

You complied. You let your fingers resume those slow, deliberate strokes between his ears, moving down to the base of his neck and back up. Each pass drew another quiet, hitched sigh from him.

"...There. There it is," he murmured, his voice finally regaining a hint of its usual melodic cadence. "The finest reward in all creation."

You couldn't help letting out a tiny, nervous laugh, though your heart was pounding against your ribs. "I don't think head pats are usually

considered standard race preparation at Tracen."

"They are when bestowed by one's destined," he nuzzled gently into your palm, his short hair tickling your skin. "So soft..."

You immediately felt your face warm, a sudden rush of self-consciousness hitting you. "Opera, come on. You're... kind of making this difficult."

"For whom?"

"For me."

"How tragic," his tone finally sounded like his public persona again, a playful, dramatic lilt returning to his words. "The greatest beauty in the academy is proving distracting to a mere mortal. I wonder who could have foreseen such a calamity? Haaah ha ha..."

The laugh started with his signature confidence—but it clipped off at the end with another shaky, fragile breath.

He wasn't okay yet. Not really. Your small smile faded.

You looked past his golden crown toward the locker room door. Outside, the announcer's voice echoed through the concrete underbelly of the stadium.

"Five minutes until racers report to the paddock. Repeating, five minutes."

Five minutes. Your stomach sank.

This couldn't continue forever, and you knew it. Someone could walk in at any second—another trainer, a race official, or one of the other runners. If they opened the door right now, they would see one of the academy's greatest champions kneeling on the floor like a dog, face buried in his trainer's lap, quietly begging for reassurance while being absentmindedly petted.

It wasn't professional. It wasn't healthy. It was a deeply dysfunctional cycle of panic and indulgence that you were entirely unequipped to handle.

And yet, when your fingers began to slow, Opera immediately leaned harder into your hand, unconsciously chasing the contact, terrified the comfort would vanish the moment you pulled away.

"...Just another minute," he murmured softly against your jacket, his giant frame completely still. "Please, Trainer."

You closed your eyes, swallowing down the knot of anxiety in your throat. This wasn't how you were supposed to manage an athlete. You knew that. But every time you thought about pulling away, you remembered the sheer, unadulterated terror in his eyes just moments prior.

So, despite every instinct telling you that the line had long since blurred into something dangerous, you kept your hand moving. You let your fingers stroke through his hair, hoping—perhaps foolishly—that this stolen minute of indulgence would be enough to help him stand on his own two feet when it was finally time to face the crowd.

The frantic announcements outside the door faded away, completely swallowed by the frantic pounding of your own heartbeat. Your chest felt tight, the air in the cramped locker room suddenly tasting stale and thin.

"...Trainer." His voice had dropped to a whisper so soft it was almost unrecognizable as his.

You looked down, your vision focusing on the bright orange tufts of his hair. "Hm?"

He hesitated, slowly, he slid his other hand out from around your waist. "...May I?"

Using both hands he lifted your right hand with agonizing care, cradling your palm in his fingers as though you were made of glass. You should have pulled away. Every professional boundary you had ever been taught screamed at you to withdraw, to establish distance, to do something. Instead, looking down at the trembling giant at your feet, your fingers remained limp.

"...Okay," you breathed.

"So merciful..." the words escaped him in a ragged exhale.

He carefully turned your hand over, tracing the lines of your palm with an expression of intense, reverent concentration—a look usually reserved for a masterpiece in a museum.

"...These hands," he smiled faintly, his purple eyes fixed on your skin. "They sculpt greatness."

"Opera..."

"They do," he insisted, finally looking up to lock his gaze with yours. "They corrected my posture when my form wavered. They steadied my breathing when I cross the finish line. They praised my victories when the crowd's applause could ring no louder. They remained... when lesser hearts would have fled the storm." His thumb brushed gently, repeatedly against your knuckles.

Then, a ghost of his familiar, theatrical grin returned to his lips, though it trembled violently around the edges. "And, of course... they have the excellent fortune of touching the most magnificent Umamusume alive."

A tiny, breathless laugh escaped you despite the knot of anxiety twisting in your gut. "That's more like you."

He offered an exaggerated, sweeping smile, leaning into the compliment. "I would never neglect my duty to myself."

"You almost forgot just now."

"Impossible!" He puffed out his chest dramatically, though he didn't unwrap himself from you. "I simply wished to acknowledge the remarkable individual responsible for maintaining such unparalleled beauty."

"You?"

He shook his head, his ears brushing against your jacket. "You."

Your small smile faded, replaced by a sudden, heavy coldness. "...Opera."

"You cultivate brilliance, Trainer."

"I just coach you, Opera. It's just training."

"No." His answer came immediately, sharp and unyielding. "You see me."

Opera lowered his gaze back to your hand, his fingers curling around yours just a little tighter.

"So many people admire T.M. Opera O," he murmured, his voice cracking slightly on his own name. "They applaud. They cheer. They adore. But..." He swallowed hard, the muscles in his throat working.

"They admire the performance. They admire the crown."

Your chest tightened so fiercely it felt like a physical blow. The desperation in his voice left you entirely paralyzed. You didn't know what to say. You didn't know how to fix a mind that required your total devotion just to function. So, operating entirely on autopilot, you gently rubbed your thumb across the back of his hand.

It was a tiny gesture, but it was enough. His ears flicked upward, turning toward you happily.

"There," he sighed, his eyes half-closing. "Again."

"...Again?"

"Please."

You repeated the motion. Slowly. Back and forth over his knuckles, the gold of his rings cold against your skin. His eyes drifted completely shut, his long eyelashes casting shadows over his cheekbones.

"There..." Another deep, shuddering sigh escaped him.

You had started recognizing these little, unspoken requests months ago. Opera rarely asked for affection directly; even in his worst moments he maintained some form of pride. Instead, he would angle his ears toward your hand. Or he would quietly lean his massive shoulder into yours under the guise of "resting between sets." Or he would gently place your hand somewhere on his arm, pretending it had been your own decision to touch him.

Today, however, the sheer pressure of the race had stripped away his defenses. He didn't play games. He simply guided your hand further upward, pressing your palms against his head.

"...Here," he whispered.

Your fingers instinctively found the soft, sensitive base of his ear. You scratched lightly, your nails catching against the short fur. His breathing immediately steadied, turning into a slow, deep rhythm.

"There?" you asked quietly.

"A little higher..." he murmured, tilting his head into the touch.

You adjusted your fingers.

"Mmh..." His shoulders lowered entirely. "Perfect."

"You really like this, don't you?"

"My dear Trainer," he opened one eye, looking up at you with a terrifyingly naked vulnerability. "I am but a simple creature. I enjoy beauty."

You snorted, trying to inject some levity into the suffocating atmosphere. "You enjoy being spoiled."

"..." He considered that for a moment, his ears twitching under your hand. "...Yes." The raw honesty caught you completely off guard. "Very much so."

You continued gently rubbing behind his ear, your fingers working through the soft fur. Beneath the layers of his skirt, you could hear the faint, swish of his tail giving a contented twitch against the floor.

"So..." you said softly, your voice dropping to a low, commanding tone. "What do you need?"

He blinked up at you, momentarily dazed. "What?"

"What do you need to go out there and win?"

His expression softened. "...May I remain here forever?"

"No."

He sighed dramatically, though there was no real bite to it. "I expected as much."

"You've trained too hard for this, Opera. You'll regret it for the rest of your life if you don't step onto that track."

"I know." He closed his eyes again. "But... could I trouble you for one incredibly selfish request?"

You hesitated, your fingers pausing for a fraction of a second. "...What is it?"

"If..." his voice lowered to a harsh whisper. "If I race well... if I deliver a performance worthy of the heavens... will you tell me so afterward? With your own lips?"

"You already know I will."

"I wish to hear it explicitly. I need to hear it."

"You'll hear it. I promise."

"...Clearly," he demanded softly.

You nodded, your hand smoothing over his hair. "I'll tell you clearly."

"And..." His ears lowered again, flattening slightly. "If I perform poorly? If i cannot live up to your expectations of me?"

"You won't fail."

"But if I do."

You understood what he was really asking. He wasn't asking for a critique; he was asking if his value to you was tied strictly to his podium finishes. "...I'll still be waiting right here," you answered.

His eyes searched yours, pleading for such a statement to be true.

"I won't disappear, Opera. I won't stop being your trainer, and I won't suddenly think less of you because of one bad race. You are still my racer."

His breathing caught in his throat, a sharp, choked sound. "You promise?"

"I promise."

He exhaled shakily, a massive wave of relief washing over his features.

You smiled as warmly as you could manage through the thick layer of guilt coating your throat. "So... what does the Overlord do now?"

He stared up at you, completely motionless, waiting. You realized with a sinking feeling that he wasn't asking himself. He was waiting for your command. He had completely surrendered his will to you, of what came next for the both of you.

"...The Overlord," you said gently, injecting a firm, grounding strength into your tone, "goes out there. He runs. He gives everything he has to the track. And afterward..." You reached up, carefully smoothing a stray lock of orange hair back behind his golden crown. "He comes back. To me."

His entire face brightened at that. It wasn't the dazzling, blinding smile he showed the cameras. It wasn't the practicing, theatrical grin he wore before the crowds. A simple, small happy smile."I shall."

You gave his shoulder a reassuring squeeze. "I know you will."

He leaned forward one last time, resting his forehead lightly against yours for only a single heartbeat, sharing your breath in the quiet space.

"Thank you..."

The words were almost entirely inaudible.

Then, he stood.

The change was instantaneous and jarring. His full, height unfolded, towering over you once again, casting a long shadow across the locker room floor. His cape settled perfectly behind his back. He adjusted his crown with a swift, practiced flick of his wrist. He straightened his medals, rolled his shoulders, and set his jaw.

By the time he turned toward the locker room door, the Centurial Overlord had returned in all his glory.

"Haaah ha ha ha!"

The booming, arrogant laugh echoed off the walls, vibrant and entirely devoid of the terror that had just consumed him.

"It is time! The audience has waited long enough for its king!"

He gripped the handle of the door, glancing back over his shoulder. Just once. And only for a fraction of a second. Only you could see the lingering, desperate uncertainty still hidden behind that brilliant, painted smile.

You forced yourself to smile back, nodding. "You've got this."

“Naturally.”

Because you said so. Because you loved him.

Then, he pulled the door open and he was gone. The metal swung shut behind him with a loud, definitive sound. The hallway outside immediately erupted with the voices of handlers and assistants rushing to guide him to the paddock.

And then... silence.

You remained seated on the low bench, the quiet of the room rushing back in to your ears. Your hands rested limply in your lap. They were shaking violently.

Slowly... you turned them over. You looked at your palms.

The very same hands that had, just moments ago, soothed him. The hands that had scratched behind his ears, that had stroked his hair, and that had offered a dangerous, fabricated confession of love just to ensure he could stand on his own two feet.

It had worked. It had worked perfectly.

You remembered every tiny, pathetic request he had made.

“Again.

“A little higher.”

“Would you tell me so afterward?”

“I won't disappear?”

Each one had been answered. Each one had been indulged. With every touch and every soft lie, you had pulled him another step away from a psychological abyss and pushed him closer to the starting gate. You had known exactly what to say. Exactly where to touch. Exactly how long to keep your hand moving before his tremors stopped. You knew exactly which words his damaged mind needed to hear to feel secure.

A sick, violent knot twisted in your stomach.

"...What am I doing?"

The question echoed back from the empty lockers, entirely unanswered.

You weren't his parent. You weren't his partner. You were supposed to be his trainer—a professional hired by Tracen Academy to help him improve his stride, to build his athletic confidence, to manage his career.

Not... whatever this nightmare was becoming.

You hadn't simply comforted him. You had learned how to steer his

pathology. You had learned how to manipulate him to get a performance out of him. You were coaxing him toward the racetrack with promises of affection and emotional safety that you had no right to offer.

It felt less like coaching... and more like pulling invisible strings on a puppet.

Your breathing became ragged and uneven.

"...No."

You stood up far too quickly. The room spun on its axis, the lights blurring into sickening streaks of white.

"I didn't..." You gasped for air, a sudden, cold sweat breaking out across your neck. "I was helping him."

Weren't you? He needed someone. He had been spiraling into a total mental collapse. If you hadn't touched him, if you hadn't whispered those words, he wouldn't have raced. His career would be over. The academy would have dropped him. You had only done what was necessary.

Your stomach lurched violently.

You barely made it to the ceramic sink against the far wall before you doubled over. The nausea hit all at once, a sudden, merciless wave. Your body completely rejected the adrenaline, the intense stress, and the sickening realization of what you were doing.

You retched, hot, acidic bile burning your throat as it splashed into the clean white basin. You coughed, your chest heaving as you emptied your stomach, tears pricking the corners of your eyes from the sheer force of it. It felt disgusting. Demeaningly dirty.

When the dry heaving finally passed, you stayed bent over the sink, your fingers gripping the cold edges until your knuckles turned white.

You reached out and twisted the faucet. Freezing cold water rushed out, splashing loudly. You shoved your trembling hands beneath the stream, grabbing the soap dispenser and scrubbing at your skin without thinking.

Once. Twice. Again and again and again.

You scrubbed your palms, your knuckles, the spaces between your fingers, rubbing until the skin turned a raw, irritated red. You did it as though the physical sensation of his hair beneath your fingertips, of his hand guiding yours, might somehow wash down the drain.

It didn't. The phantom warmth of his head stayed locked into your palms.

Slowly, you lifted your head and stared at your reflection in the smeared mirror above the sink. You looked exhausted. Pale. Ghostly.

Guilty.

"...He's depending on me," you whispered to the glass.

The words sounded hollow. Pathetically hollow. Because dependence wasn't the same thing as trust. It wasn't the same thing as a healthy relationship. It was an addiction, and you were the dealer.

And every single race seemed to deepen the groove. Every time you answered those quiet requests, every time you indulged his clinginess, every time you reassured his fragile self-esteem. You were making yourself entirely indispensable to his sanity.

You were afraid. You were afraid of what the two of you were turning into. You were afraid of the monster of dependency you were feeding.

Outside, a sudden, cataclysmic roar shook the foundation of the stadium. The grandstands erupted into a deafening, unified cheer that vibrated through the floor beneath your shoes.

The gates had opened. The race had begun.

You closed your eyes, leaning your forehead against the cool surface of the mirror, listening to the distant thunder of hooves tearing into the dirt.

"...Come back safely," your whisper was barely audible over the noise of the crowd.

Your voice cracked, a lonely, terrified sound in the empty room.

"...And... please... please don't make me do that forever."

End Notes

We’re having 500 opelings together

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